







THE FLINTSTONES Vol. 7, No. 45, May, 1976,

The Functionation of the Commission of the Commi intended. This magazine has been produced and sold analyze to the restrictions that it shall risy be resold at wall as published and as full cover price, it is a violation of these schiplations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any resolor in a mostitated condition, or as few than full cover price. Walliand Advantage Representatives: Dits, 116. E. 22 and St., New York, NY, 10015 (27.286-5050), 0.196 HAMMA-GAMBERA PRODUCTIONS. INC. International copyright secured. All rights reserved.

















WHEN I GOT THE IDEA FOR MAKIN'
THAT GIZMO THAT RUINED ALL
THE GOOD FIREWOOD IT WUZ LIKE
I HAD A DREAM AN' I INVENTED
WHAT I SAW IN THE PREAM!



I WAS FLOATING IN THE SKY AND I SAW THE SUN AN' THE MOON AN' THE STARS BUT THE THING I LOOKED AT MOST WAS LIKE THIS!











































































Wilmo and Betty were gossiping happily when they beard the squeal of speeding wheels of the corner, then the screech of brakes outside Fred Flintstone's house.

"That didn't sound like Fred's car, Wilms," Betty said worriedly.

Wilma sighed. "I know ... and Fred has had that' glazed look in his eyes lately. He always looks like that just before he gets the itch to buy a new car."

Betty looked out the window. "If he had the itch, he scratched it. Wilma. Fred bought a new car!"

Wilma grouned. "Oh, no! The other car was perfectly all right."

"D-does it go fast, Fred?" Wilma asked worriedly.
"Like a bullet, Wilma! That's what I'm genna call it
... the Bedrock Bullet." He flicked a speck of imaginary

dust off the paint and struck an adventurous pose. "I may even enter the Bedrockepelis 500." For the first time in her memory, Fred was late to

For the first time in her memory, Fred was late to dinner. She had to call him twice before he stopped polishing The Bedrack Bullet.

"Wotto beauty!" Fred exulted. "Yabba - dabba doo!"

Wilma helped him to bronto reast, a mountain of mashed potatoes, and half a bushel (it seemed) of

other goodles.

Wilma smiled at Fred. She didn't feel like smiling.

She wanted to belt him with the frying pan. "New

much did it cost, Fred?"

Fred smiled at her. "That's the best part, Wilme. I only gotta pay \$100 a month for a year ... plus our old

"I suppose it's in good running condition, Fred," Wilms said.

"I noticed it had set of a clickety-barn, clickety-barn sound when you drave up. That isn't serious, I guest." Fred stopped chewing. Wilma could see the doubt in his eyes. Had he heard a clickety-barn sound, fred Table he went back out to the Bedrock Bullet and listened to the engine. Beside him. Dine listened toe.

In the morning, with Berney along for meral support, First district for Truthir I Eds' 150% Gournateed Used Car Lot. When they arrived, Truthird Ted was lyfing to another customer as they had to wait. Bearing and First possed their time shining up the Bedrack Bullet some more. It really looked great. First dwords been happy except for that blasted diskety-barn in the engine.

"What do you want, Flintstone?" Truthful Ted asked. Fred blinked. Only yesterday, Good Ol' Ted was calling him Freddy and Ol' Buddy and like that.

Fred pointed to the Bedrock Bullet. "That car goes clickety-barn when I start the engine."

"Of course it goes clickety-barn, and you're fortunate I didn't charge you extra for it! That's the sound all great racing cars have to have if they're any good!"

"Well, I don't like it! I get a guarantee so you fix it or I want my money back!"

I want my money back!"

Ted laughed and then he sneered besides. "What

I de laughed and then he sneered besides. "When meney? You didn't even make a down payment, but that doesn't matter. That guarantee doesn't mean a thing. The car is yours, and you'd better make the payments."

He turned to leave when the customer who'd been rejecting all of Truthful Ted's used cars burst through the door.

the door.
"I found the one I want, Ted," the customer sold.
"The bullet-shaped one outside! How much is it?"

Ted didn't hesitate a second. "\$100 down and \$150 a month for a year is all, Oi' Buddy!"

The guy said "Sold!" and quickly signed a bill - of - sale. Fred leeked at Truthful Ted and smiled,"

"You just sold my car, Ol' Buddy," Fred said. "Yo could go to jail for that!"

Ted looked at him and smiled sickly. "You wouldn't do that, would you?"

Fred smirked. "I'll take that \$150 down payment

Ten minutes later, the deal was made and Fred drave home \$150 richer.

"Ye know, Barn, if yo listen close, this car goes clickety-barn too!" Barney nodded. "Of course, Fred, All cars sound like

that."

Fred didn't say much on the way home. He was thinking about Wilma. She'd done it to him again.

wondered. As soon as he finished all the feed on the OR COMPLETION BY MONPROFIT ORGANIZATIONS AUTHORIZED TO MAIL AT STATEUR, OF ON VERSIE MANAGEMENT AND CHEVRATOR (Act of August 12.

THE Command The Third State Class
THE COMMAND THE THIRD CHEVE
THE COMMAND THE THIRD CHEVE
THE COMMAND THE THIRD CHEVE
FACULTY OF ISSUE — SYNCY CHEVROLUM (Charle out) A LOCATION OF KNOWN OFFICER PRECEDED - Divisions flower. By Committy Control of Management of Management of the Control of the changed, publisher must adoubt exploration of 12 PETENT AND HATURE OF CIRCULATION THE PO. COMES PRINTED (No Pres Rea) CORCULATION 325,000 327,500 127,50 128,100 120,417 127,75 E PAID CIRCLEATION E DISTRIBUTION BY MAIL CARRIER OR B MEARS PRICE CHEST ANY AND OTHER COOP 127,930 128,617 AL DISTRIBUTION (See of Cost D) 9 FOR OPTIONAL COMPLETION BY FEW 187,26 33,30 TO THE TO SHOW A SERVED A SERV 325,000 127,300

or of Silvers Garrer Philade

























LISTEN, GAZOO, PON'T PULL ANY
PAST ONES ON ME! I TOLD EVERYBODY DINO'S A MATHEMATICAL,
GENIUS AN' HE CAN EVEN TALK!
IF YOU GOOF OFF, I'LL COMPLAIN TO
YER BOSS ON ZILTOX AN' KICK.

"IND QUIT!"











functions Happy Jew Year?



LISTEN, SHORTY, NOBODY KISSES WILMA BUT ME, UNDERSTAND? C'MON, FRED, THIS IS A, NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY!

















